



"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM PARADISE"

DEIGNED WITH CARE

VOL. XIV—NO. 22

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1862.

WHOLE NO. 704.

## THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

[CONCLUDED.]

Agnes was thus pouring out the hasty effusions of her joy, unconscious that Fitzhenry, overcome with affection, emotion, and, perhaps, sorrowful recollections, was struggling in vain for utterance:—At last,—"For so many years,—and I knew you not!—worked for me,—attended me!—Bless, bless her, Heaven!" he faintly articulated; and, worn out with illness, and shocked with contending emotions, he fell back on his pillow and expired!

Thus, that blessing, the hope of obtaining which alone gave Agnes courage to endure calamity, poverty, fatigue, and sorrow, was for ever lost to her, and then snatched from her for ever!

No wonder, then, that when convinced her father was really dead, she fell into a state of stupefaction, from which she never recovered;—and, at the same time, were borne to the same grave, the father and daughter.

The day of their funeral was indeed a melancholy one:—they were attended to the grave by a numerous procession of respectable inhabitants of both sexes,—while the afflicted and lamenting poor followed mournfully at a distance. Even those who had distinguished themselves by their violence against Agnes at her return, dropped a tear as they saw her borne to her long home. Mrs. Mountcarrol forgot her beauty and accomplishments in her misfortunes and early death; and the mother of the child who had fled from the touch of Agnes, felt sorry that she had ever called her the wickedest woman in the world.

But the most affecting part of the procession was little Edward, as chief mourner, led by Fanny and her husband, in all the happy inflexibility of childhood, unconscious all the while that he was the pitiable hero of that show, which, by its novelty and parade, so much delighted him,—while his smiles, poor orphan! excited the tears of those around him.

Just before the procession began to move, a post-chariot and four, with white favors, drove into the yard of the large inn in the town. It contained Lord and Lady Mountcarrol, who were married only the day before, and were on their way to her ladyship's country seat.

His lordship, who seemed incapable of resting in one place for a minute together, did nothing but swear at the postillions for bringing them that road, and express an earnest desire to leave the town again as fast as possible.

While he was gone into the stable for the third time, to see whether the horses were not sufficiently refreshed to go on, a waiter came in to ask Lady Mountcarrol's commands, and at that moment the funeral passed the window. The waiter (who was the very servant that at Mr. Seymour's had refused to shut the door against Agnes,) instantly turned away his head, and burst into tears. This excited her ladyship's curiosity; and she drew from him a short but full account of Agnes and her father.

He had scarcely finished his story when Lord Mountcarrol came in, saying the carriage was ready;

and no sooner had his bride began to relate to him the story she had just heard, then he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "It is as false as hell, madam! Miss Fitzhenry and her child both died years ago." Then rushing into the carriage, he left lady Mountcarrol terrified and amazed at his manner. But when she was seating herself by his side, she could not help saying that it was impossible for a story to be false, which all the people in the inn averred to be true: then, as he did not offer to interrupt her, she went through the whole story of Agnes and her sufferings; and she was going to comment on them, when the procession, returning from church, crossed the road in which they were going, and obliged the postillion to stop.

Foremost came the little Edward, with all his mother's beauty in his face. "Poor little orphan!" said lady Mountcarrol, giving a tear to the memory of Agnes: "See, my lord, what a lovely boy!" As she spoke, the extreme elegance of the carriage attracted Edward's attention, and springing from Fanny's hand, who in vain endeavored to hold him back, he ran up to the door to examine the figure on the pannel. At that instant lord Mountcarrol opened the door, lifted the child into the chaise, and, throwing his card of address to the astonished mourners, ordered the servants to drive on as fast as possible.

They did so in despite of Mr. Seymour and others, for astonishment had at first deprived them of the power of moving; and the horses, before the witnesses of this sudden and strange event had recovered their recollection, had gone too far to allow themselves to be stopped.

The card with lord Mountcarrol's name explained what at first had puzzled and confounded as well as alarmed them; and Fanny, who had fainted at sight of his lordship, because she knew him, altered as he was, to be Edward's father, and the bane of Agnes, now recovering herself, conjured Mr. Seymour to follow his lordship immediately, and tell him Edward was bequeathed to her care.

Mr. Seymour instantly ordered post-horses, and in about an hour after set off in pursuit of the ravisher.

But the surprise and consternation of Fanny and the rest of the mourners, were not greater than that of lady Mountcarrol at sight of her lord's strange conduct.—"What does this outrage mean, my lord?" she exclaimed in a faltering voice; "and whose child is that?"—"It is my child, madam," replied he; "and I will never resign him but with life." Then pressing the astonished Edward to his bosom, he for some minutes sobbed aloud,—while lady Mountcarrol, though she could not help feeling compassion for the agony which the seducer of Agnes must experience at such a moment, was not a little displeased and shocked at finding herself the wife of that Clifford whose name she had so lately heard coupled to that of villain.

But her attention was soon called from reflections so unpleasant by the cries of Edward, whose surprise at being seized and carried away by a stranger now yielding to terror, and who, burst-

ing from lord Mountcarrol, desired to go back to his mamma Fanny, and Mr. Seymour.

"What! and leave your own father, Edward?" asked his agitated parent.—"Look at me—I am your father;—but, I suppose, your mother, as well she might, taught you to hate me?"—"My mamma told me it was wicked to hate any body; and I am sure I have no papa: I had a grandpapa, but he is gone to heaven, along with my mamma, Fanny says, and she is my mamma now." And again screaming and stamping with impatience, he insisted on going back to her.

But at length, by promises of riding on a fine horse, and of sending for Fanny to ride with him, he was pacified. Then with artless readiness he related his mother's way of life, and the odd ways of his grandpapa; and, by acquainting lord Mountcarrol with the sufferings and virtuous exertions of Agnes, he increased his horror of his own conduct, and his regret at not having placed so noble-minded a woman at the head of his family. But whence arose the story of her death he had yet to learn.

In a few hours they reached the seat which he had acquired by his second marriage; and there too, in an hour after, arrived Mr. Seymour and the husband of Fanny.

Lord Mountcarrol expected this visit, and received them courteously; while Mr. Seymour was so surprised at seeing the once healthy and handsome Clifford changed to an emaciated valetudinarian, and carrying in his face the marks of habitual intemperance, that his indignation was for a moment lost in pity. But recovering himself, he told his lordship that he came to demand justice for the outrage which he had committed, and in the name of the friend to whom Miss Fitzhenry had, in case of her sudden death, bequeathed her child, to insist on his being restored to her.

"We will settle that point presently," replied lord Mountcarrol; "but first I conjure you to tell me all that has happened to her since we parted, whose name I have not for years been able to repeat, and who, as well as this child, I have also for years believed dead."

"I will, my lord," answered Mr. Seymour; "but I warn you, that if you have any feeling, it will be tortured by the narration."

"If I have any feeling!" cried his lordship; "but go on, sir; from you, sir—from you, as as—her friend, I can bear any thing."

Words could not do justice to the agonies of lord Mountcarrol, while Mr. Seymour, beginning with Agnes's midnight walk to—, went through a recital of her conduct and sufferings, and hopes and anxieties, and ended with the momentary recovery and death scene of her father.

But when lord Mountcarrol discovered that Agnes supposed his not making any inquiries concerning her or the child proceeded from brutal indifference concerning their fate, and that, considering him as a monster of inhumanity, she had regarded him not only with contempt, but abhorrence, and seemed to have dismissed him entirely from her remembrance, he beat his breast, he rolled on the floor with frantic anguish, la-



menting, in all the bitterness of fruitless regret, that Agnes died without knowing how much he loved her, and without suspecting that while she was supposing him unnaturally forgetful of her and her child, he was struggling with illness, caused by her desertion, and with a dejection of spirits which he had never, at times, been able to overcome; execrating at the same time the memory of his father, and Wilton, whom he suspected of having intentionally deceived him.

To conclude.—Pity for the misery and compunction of Lord Mountcarrol, and a sense of the advantages both in education and fortune that would accrue to little Edward from living with his father, prevailed on Mr. Seymour and the husband of Fanny to consent to his remaining where he was;—and from that day Edward was universally known as his lordship's son,—who immediately made a will, bequeathing him a considerable fortune.

Lord Mountcarrol was then sinking fast into his grave, the victim of his vices, and worn to the bone by the corroding consciousness that Agnes had died in the persuasion of his having brutally neglected her.—That was the bitterest pang of all! She had thought him so vile, that she could not for a moment regret him!

His first wife he despised because she was weak and illiterate, and hated because she had brought him no children. His second wife was too amiable to be disliked; but, though he survived his marriage with her too years, she also failed to produce an heir to the title. And while he contemplated in Edward the mind and person of his mother, he was almost frantic with regret that he was not legally his son; and he cursed the hour when with short sighted cunning he sacrificed the honor of Agnes to his views of family aggrandizement. But selfish to the last moment of his existence, it was a consciousness of his own misery, not of that which he had inflicted, which prompted his expressions of misery and regret; and he grudged and envied Agnes the comfort of having been able to despise and forget him.

Peace to the memory of Agnes Fitzhenry!—And may the woman who, like her, has been the victim of artifice, self-confidence, and temptation, like her endeavor to regain the esteem of the world by patient suffering and virtuous exertion; and look forward to the attainment of it with confidence! But may the whose innocence is yet secure, and whose virtues still boast the stamp of chastity, which can alone make them current in the world, tremble with horror at the idea of listening to the voice of the seducer!—For, though the victim of seduction may in time recover the approbation of others, the must always despair of recovering her own.—The image of a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, or some other fellow-being, whose peace of mind has been injured by her deviation from virtue, will probably haunt her path through life; and she who might, perhaps, have contemplated with fortitude the wreck of her own happiness is doomed to pine with fruitless remorse at the consciousness of having destroyed that of another.—For, where is the mortal who can venture to pronounce that his actions are of importance to no one, and that the consequences of his virtues or his vices will be confined to himself alone?

#### ANECDOTE.

THE great Edmund Burke, had a rooted hatred for Merchants, whom he used to say, were terms synonymous with thieves: "do not talk to me," said he, one day in the House of Commons, "of the liberality of a Merchant, 'his God is gold—his country his invoice—his desk his altar—his ledger his bible—his church his exchange—'and he has faith in none but his banker."

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### CONTENTATION.

LET men, ambitious, pant for wealth and fame,  
Exert their powers to gain a deathless name,  
Let proud Ambition prompt their search for gold,  
And richest mines their precious veins unfold.  
Let Fortune's smiles their languine wishes crown,  
Not adverse fortune on their prospects frown:  
Let all the wealth that Asia's mines possess,  
Flock to their door to aid their happiness,---  
I wish it not---I envy not their wealth,  
Mine be the pleasures of repose and health.  
Possess'd of these, tho' domes around me rise,  
Exalt their heads, o'erleap the lofty skies;  
Tho' pompous chariots round my mansion roll,  
No envious thoughts shall tear my peaceful soul;  
I'll bless my happy lot, my expectations raise  
To Heav'n, the seat of harmony and praise.

April 21.

S. S. L.

#### THE FAREWELL.

AN ELEGY.

NO more for me now buds the early spring,  
For me no more the tuneful choir shall sing;  
The golden harvest now shall smile in vain,  
And sports, unheard by me, invell the plain;  
Fare steps between, and all that could delight,  
Will soon be ravish'd from my longing sight.

Farewell, my father's house, my cheerful home,  
From you I go, the world's wide stage to roam,  
To these no friendly eye for me shall weep,  
To these the devious fortunes of the deep:  
Perhaps these lov'd retreats no more to view,  
Perhaps I now forever say---adieu!

Yet, ere I leave thee, ere new cares arise,  
Receive the tribute of these aching eyes;  
A parting tear!--so much I mourn the day,  
That tears me from these long-lov'd scenes away,  
And much I fear,---but I will think of thee  
While the ship sails along the desert sea  
With thoughts of home beguile the tedious year,  
And he, tho' distant far, forever near.

Farewell, dear fire! my parent and my friend,  
Far from thy guardian eyes my footsteps bend,  
Where no kind father shall my wand'rings chide,  
No mother's fondness prove a foster guide---  
In other climes, what fate awaits thy son!  
What joys, what fears, what dangers he must run,  
Are yet conceal'd---perhaps to pine in grief  
Where no kind hand shall minister relief;  
Perhaps a Russian's mercy to implore  
In vain,---and perish on a barb'rous shore;  
To writhe in anguish on the burning sand,  
And sleep forgotten, in a foreign land.

Farewell, companions of Life's early day,  
That ran with me the long and flow'ry way  
Of youth---and oft the school-tide hours between,  
Have play'd together on the sunny green,  
Ere yon matur'd Life's anxious race began,  
Our years were number'd to the ripen man.

Sisters, adieu! but need I mention more?  
Nay, let me pass the tender sequel o'er,  
Enough already has been penn'd of woe,  
Why do I dwell on themes that pain me so?  
---Dry up those tears, and give the parting hand,  
Ere I am summon'd to the gloomy strand;  
So, when I'm gone, may all thy sorrows cease,  
And happy angels ever whisper peace;  
As on the gentle pinions of the dove,  
May all your days in sweet succession move,  
And all your varying fortunes only prove,  
The soft vicissitudes of hope and love.

Poughkeepsie, 1802

HENRY.

#### EPIGRAM.

To an impotent and scurrilous Lampooner.

POOR fore tongue elf, thy puny efforts cease;  
Thy pointless strains can never wound my peace:  
The cur that grins but wants the power to bite,  
May raise my laughter, but must fail to fright.

Son of scurrilous! a countless train  
Of foes, like thee, would only meet disdain:---  
Yet still one way remains mine ire to raise,  
And but one way, to curse me with thy praise.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MADAM SPITFIRE, at the sign of the Furies, in Hack-  
Street, next door to the Cat's Paw Tavern;

Offers her services to the public, to teach the noble art of SCOLDING and QUARRELLING, in good or bad humor, in love or spite; by the week, day, hour, minute, or second; sober or drunk; early or late; before or after meal, without regard to any person, in Dutch or English: She has discovered a new way for women to pull the hair and cap of their adversary. Scolding, &c. taught in the genteel manner, to country women as well as town ladies. Judges and magistrates scolded in the newest style. She has a very peculiar mode of scolding, adapted to every age and circumstance of life. Married women taught to scold their husbands blind, deaf, and dumb in six weeks. As a proof of her abilities in this polite acquirement, she scolded eight husbands to death in three years time, and the ninth is far gone. She teaches how to make grimaces or furious faces, how to look sharp and Mary Magdalen-like; Sleepy husbands may have their wives taught to scold them awake. She scolded the teeth out of her head the first year she followed this noble business, which renders her incapable of teaching the art of biting; but, on the other hand, she is not afflicted with the tooth-ache, which is a great advantage. She is well provided with needles and pins, to teach how to scratch faces, arms, hands, eyes, &c. Water changed into vinegar by scolding. Scolding done in the newest and most approved of style, in black, blue, red, or any color, on the shortest notice.

#### SPARTAN HEROISM.

WHEN the Ephori had put Agis and his grandmother privately to death, Agesistrate his mother was told, that she might, if she pleased, go into the prison, and see her son. As soon as she entered, she beheld her own mother hanging by her neck, and her son dead upon the ground. The spectacle, at first, surpris'd her; but on recollecting her spirits, she took down her mother's body, and covered it in a decent manner. Being then informed that she was also to die, she immediately rose up to meet her destiny, and only uttered the following words:---"May the Gods grant that all this may redound to the good of Sparta!"

#### A RELIGIOUS HYPOCRITE.

HAVE you ever seen an unfeeling covetous man lengthen and distort his face, and disfigure it with a hoarse gloom, under pretence of piety? Did you ever see an extortioner that would devour a widow's house, and snare the scanty morsel from the mouth of the fatherless, appearing in public view, with the gravity of an owl, rolling up his eyes and lifting up his hands, as if he were in an ecstasy of devotion? Did you ever see a man, or a woman who having given away a shilling in charity, would spend two shillings worth of time in publishing the deed abroad? Did you ever observe a man publishing, on all occasions the frequency of his devotions, the fervency of his love, the piety of his own heart; and, in effect, sounding trumpet, with all his strength of lungs, to proclaim his own goodness? Have you ever seen a man, or a woman carrying about a label with this inscription, in capital letters, "BEHOLD WHAT A SAINT I AM?" Then you have seen a religious hypocrite. The Pharisees of old acted precisely in this manner. [Hudson Balance.

#### ANECDOTES.

A bon vivant of fashion, brought to his death bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingenuously told that he could not in human probability survive twelve hours, and would die by eight o'clock next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a bottle I live nine!"

A plasterer and his boy being employed to whitewash a house by the day, were so tedious, that, tiring the patience of the owner, he one day asked the lad, in his master's absence, when he thought they would have done. The boy bluntly replied, that his master was looking for another job; and if he found one, they should make an end of it that week; but if he missed of any other work, the Lord only knew when they should finish.



## TO MARIA.

WHEN sweetness of temper with beauty's ally'd,  
 Ingenious wit with fair Modesty's grace,  
 Let pageants of fashion indulge in their pride,  
 Let them boast of their ribbons, their baubles and lace:  
 I court not their favors when these I behold,  
 All lovely MARIA, concentr'd in thee;  
 More attracting thy charms than the spring can unfold,  
 So mild, yet so brilliant, so pleasing to me.  
 April 23.

## SONG.

ART thou not dear unto my heart?  
 Ah! search that heart and see;  
 And from my bosom tear the part  
 That beats not true to thee.  
 But to that bosom thou art dear,  
 More dear than words can tell;  
 And, if a fault be cherish'd there,  
 'Tis loving thee...too well!

## SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1802.

Reports of the re-commencement of hostilities in Europe have reached us, by way of Baltimore:—indeed the diplomatists of the Plenipotentiaries at Amiens have long led us to doubt whether peace would be the result:—Yes, for the honor of suffering humanity, we hope the intelligence is void of truth:—years of desolation may have allayed the frantic rage of man:—invited by the benign aspect of Harmony, the implements of discord may have been relinquished:—The news is communicated in the following note by a Philadelphia editor.

"A letter just received in town from Baltimore, announces the arrival of the ship Paul Sirman, in a short passage from Liverpool. The Captain reports, that on the 8th March, accounts were received at Liverpool, of the government having ordered thirty sail of the line to be immediately put in readiness for sea; and the general expectation was, that a renewal of hostilities was about to take place."

On Monday night the soap and candle manufactory of Hitchcock and Hopson, in Vandewater Street, was consumed by fire. By the activity of the Firemen, the flames were happily arrested without doing any other damage than consuming the building in which it commenced, with the property enclosed, amounting to 10,000 dollars.

A most serious and melancholy circumstance (says a Baltimore paper,) occurred on board the ship Birmingham, M<sup>c</sup>Carthy, on Saturday last. Just as the ship entered the river, it was discovered that the mate had blown his brains out, in the fore-castle; and during the consternation which such an event naturally excited, a young lady, a passenger took the opportunity to throw herself overboard, and immediately disappeared. What adds to the distress of this singular event is, that the mate has left a wife and several children in this city, and the father and brother of the young lady were also passengers in the same vessel.

By accounts from Hispaniola, the Negroes keep the French in full business. Large parties of the blacks approach near the towns every night, and hardly a night passes without skirmishes, and some of them pretty severe. A passenger mentions that of a French regiment that went out in the evening, only 16 were permitted to return in the morning. That from the fort under Dessalines, back of St. Marks, which Le Clerc had carried on the 23d of March, the French had sent between 4 and 500 wounded to Port-Republican.

Capt. Olcott, of the schooner Union, from Havannah, informs us, that the port remains shut; and that 9 American captives had been carried and thrown into prison, for going into the harbour in contravention of the orders of the intendant. No cargo allowed to be carried away except molasses. Provisions scarce and high. Flour was selling at 25s. per barrel.

By Capt. Brown, from Cape-Francois, we learn, that Rigaud had been arrested, and sent to France in a 74, on a charge of conspiracy against the French. Some of his letters

to a General in the Spanish part of the Island, containing his plan to betray a part of the French army, and deliver them up to the blacks, were intercepted.

An intelligent gentleman from the Cape, informs us, that the French are harassed principally by night, with the attacks of Toussaint's troops, who approach very near the town, and that great carnage ensues on both sides. The fever has already carried off great numbers of the French, and the dead lying unburied produces such an effluvia as to be noxious even in the harbor, when the land breeze prevails. The Government still continued to force purchases of the property carried on shore, and had lowered the price of flour to eight dollars, promising bills on France:—but it does not appear that any payment even of that substantial fort, has yet been made. The General in Chief was at Port-Republican, and Mr. Lear, our Consul, had departed from the Cape for that place, to remonstrate to him against the proceedings at the Cape.

## PORTLAND, April 12.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Robert Stover, of the ship Sachem, of this port, dated Holyhead, Feb. 11.

"Twenty-six days after leaving Virginia, we had a most tremendous hurricane. We were but twenty miles from Dublin, when it came on from W. N. W. at midnight (Jan. 11.) we lay on our beam-ends 14 hours, driving on the coast: At 1 o'clock, on the 12d, we saw the land and the breakers under our lee, which proved to be Holyhead, not more than a mile distant; we attempted to make sail, in vain, most of our sails were blown from the yards, after being hoisted; and some of our men were beaten out, and gave themselves up to the mercy of their maker. Finding that we must perish in a few moments, or run the ship ashore, we put her head towards a small opening surrounded with breakers, where we let go both anchors.

The sea broke over our topmast head and we rode but a few minutes before both our cables parted and the ship fell round on the rocks, and upset. A most terrible sea drove her over the reef, but providentially no one was swept from the wreck; in a few moments she struck again, when we cut away all three masts, she then went down head foremost, and her stern hung by the rocks. Hundreds of people were on the shore anxious for our relief, but none could be given, the sea making a breach over the wreck. At 6 o'clock in the evening some gentlemen on shore gave 50 guineas to 6 brave fellows to take us from the wreck. Their boat took off ten of our men, who had a narrow escape. I remained behind with my second mate and three seamen, for fourteen hours, no one daring to venture again for our relief till the next day by which time we had almost perished with cold and hunger. I then hove a rope on shore, by which I had the good fortune to save myself, after being nearly exhausted. A boat soon after took the remaining three ashore.

The storm was dreadful. Sixty sail of vessels were lost, several houses blown down, trees torn up by the roots, and great destruction done in the country."

## LONDON, March 3.

Mr. Basset, the messenger, arrived this morning with dispatches from Amiens.

We received this morning, the Paris papers to the 29th ult. The only article of any importance in these confirms the arrival of the Hereditary Prince of Orange at Paris. He arrived there on the 25th, and the next day was presented to the First Consul, by whom he was favorably received.

An order has been received at Portsmouth, to fit out several ships of war with all possible expedition: each ship is to take a number of troops on board, and to be victualled for four months. The destination of the squadron is a profound secret. A rumor that they are going to Turkey to act in conjunction with the Turks against Passawan Oglou, seems to be unworthy of credit. We rather think this armament is bound for the West-Indies.—Lon. Packet.

## THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

And for sale by JOHN HARRISON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE  
Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Such of our Subscribers as expect to remove on the first of May, are requested to favor us with their dismission.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

WHILE cares corroding pierce our inmost soul,  
 Perplex our woe-worn minds without control,  
 O let us taste the sweets, ere life departs,  
 Of those enjoyments told by kindred hearts.

## MARRIED.

On Monday January 4, at Paris, Citizen LOUIS BONAPARTE, brother to the First Consul, to Mademoiselle BRAUHARNOIS, daughter of Madame Bonaparte.

On Thursday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. JOHN GILL, merchant, of Albany, to Miss MARY SMITH, of this city.

On Sunday the 11th inst. at Middletown, (N. J.) by the Rev. Mr. Dubois, Mr. CORNELIUS HENDRICKSON, of Pittsburg, aged 55, to Miss ANN SMITH, of Middletown, aged 59.

At Woolver-hollow, (L. I.) by the Rev Mr Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM RAMSON, of Great-Neck, to the Widow VAN NOSTRAND, of the former place.

On Thursday evening last week, by the Rev. Dr. M<sup>c</sup>Knight, Mr. SIMON FAWCETT, of London, to Miss ELIZABETH NEWELL, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. M<sup>c</sup>Knight, Mr. SYLVANUS L'HOMMEDIEU, to Miss ELIZA EGBERT, daughter of Benjamin Egbert, Esq.

Same evening, by the Rev Mr Miller, Mr. JOHN COSTER, to Miss ELIZABETH DAVIS, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev Bishop Moore, Mr. JOHN HITCHCOCK, to Miss MARIA BLACK, daughter of Mr. Peter Black, all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Bishop Moore, Mr. PHILIP E. RUCKLE, to Miss EUNICE DANIELS, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Dr Livingstone, Mr. WILLIAM BANTA, to Miss SALLY WILKES, both of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev Mr Lebat, Mr. STEPHEN, EGBERT, to Miss JOHANA PINE, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Szebeck, Mr. WILLIAM COULTHARD, to Miss SUSAN SEMLER.

## DIED.

On Monday evening last, in the 53d year of his age Mr. LEOPOLD BECK, a native of Germany, but long a respectable citizen of this place. His walks through life were marked with industry, honesty, sobriety and good will towards his fellow men. Early in life he embraced the blessed religion of our Redeemer, and steadily followed the precepts of his Divine Master. He has left a wife and six children to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind parent. His remains were on Wednesday last interred in the United Brethren's burial ground in Fair-Street, followed by a large number of friends and neighbors, who sincerely lament his death.

## THEATRE.

On Monday Evening will be presented the Tragedy of

## Isabella,

OR, THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

ISABELLA, MRS. MERRY.

To which will be added, the Grand Fantomime of

## Robinson Crusoe.

## ACADEMY.

The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken the ACADEMY No. 417 Pearl Street, which has been occupied for several years past by Mr. PIRSSON,—a very airy and healthy situation. He intends to open said Academy on the first day of May next, where he will teach the following branches of Education, viz. Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Book-keeping, Geography, Land Surveying, Navigation, with the double altitudes and lunar observations, Geometry, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Gaging, Astronomy, and the French Language. He flatters himself that from long experience in the above line, he will be enabled to give general satisfaction to those who may honor him with their patronage. He returns thanks to his former patrons, and hopes by his assiduous care and attention to merit a continuance of their favors. JESSE HOYT.

## TICKETS

IN THE NAVIGATION LOTTERY.

Sold by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.



## COURT OF APOLLO.

### ELEGY

#### ON AN OLD WIG FOUND IN THE STREET.

HOW many a scene in life demands our tears !  
Thick on the heart what sad reflections press !  
At ev'ry turn some sight of woe appears,  
At ev'ry step some object of distress.  
Of those who once in fortune's splendor shone,  
By crowds attended, by the world caress'd,  
How many sigh, neglected and unknown,  
Or known but as insulted and oppress'd !  
This shapeless mass, which mud and filth disgrace,  
The helpless victim of the pelting storm,  
Whose faded beauties taste no more can trace,  
Or ev'n Conjecture analyse its form ;  
Was once a WIG-----How alter'd now its state !  
Where are its beauties now ? its glories where ?  
Distinguish'd by the notice of the great,  
Grac'd by the admiration of the fair ?  
Gone---gone ! O Wig !---Yet, while thou bidst adieu  
To all the glories of each once gay scene,  
Fain would the muse ('tis all she can) renew  
The memory of what thou, alas ! hast been :  
For thou'st cast off, neglected and forgot,  
'Twas once thy fate in other scenes to shine ;  
Thine was in happier times a splendid lot ;  
Beauty, and worth, and dignity were thine.  
Some Judge sagacious, learned in the law,  
Us'd thee, perhaps, his solemn frown to improve ;  
While culprits, juries, courts, with rev'rend awe,  
Shook like Olympus at the nod of Jove.  
Some grave professor's head has been thy place ;  
Happily 'twas thine his office to bespeak,  
While, clinging closely round his classic face,  
Each learned curl seem'd buckled stiff with Greek.  
Some bard, perhaps, in meditation deep,  
Some student hard of Demosthenean stamp,  
Giving to study the soft hours of sleep,  
Has fung'd thy tresses at the midnight lamp.  
Or it has been thy niggard lot to bind  
Some miser's wrinkled brow, (while o'er his chest  
He hung, with bale idolatry inclin'd),  
Whose cursed thirst of treasure broke his rest,  
Thou may'st have grac'd some Doctor's sapient phiz,  
Like owl in snow-clad bush with solemn pride,  
Whose patients seem'd to hear the harmless whiz  
Of Death's weak shafts, turn'd by his art aside.  
Or, sentenced to a more ignoble fate,  
Thou may'st have hung upon an empty scull ;  
For Wisdom's ensigns oft give Folly state,  
And many a rev'rend wig adorns a fool.  
Fain would the muse proceed---but what avails  
That once thou hast sustain'd a splendid part ?---  
Sad Truth condemns such visionary tales,  
And turns her ready eye to what thou art.  
Like Woolsey, thou hast bid a long farewell  
To all thy greatness ; all thy pomp is o'er ;  
No more dost thou the pride of grandeur swell  
Plebeians tremble at thy nod no more.  
What art thou now ? disgrac'd, foil'd, mangled, torn,  
Neglected, save that the mischievous dog  
Shakes thee in sportive rage, or, more foulorn,  
Thou form'st a pillow for the wallowing hog.  
Thus, buried far amid the sandy waste,  
Palmyra's broken columns meet the eye ;  
Thus Nimrod's lofty walls no more are trac'd ;  
Thus Israel's sacred domes in ruins lie.  
The cloud cap towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, like this wig must fall ;  
Their names shall die, their memory shall cease,  
And Time's oblivious darkness bury all.

### ANECDOTE.

A Priest having preached from the text "All flesh is grass," found occasion to reprove a poor fellow, who confessed to him, for eating flesh on days prohibited by the church. The man durst not say much in his own vindication ; but to avoid penance, requested the father confessor to tell him whether, admitting what he himself asserted, that all flesh was grass, he might not be allowed to eat it as salad.

## MORALIST.

THERE are a thousand little offices of civility, kindness, and respect, to be performed every day in our intercourse with each other, which, (if we were to attend to them) would show our true state of mind, temper, and disposition, much more satisfactorily than those more glaring and showy performances, of which we are apt to form too favorable a judgment.---A thousand nameless sensibilities are hereby opened in our breasts, which serve to advance us in our virtuous progress, either by exciting an humble sense of our own weakness, or an affectionate exertion of our sympathy and love.

### THE BETHESDA (select) BOARDING SCHOOL,

PATERSON, NEW-JERSEY. At this SEMINARY are taught reading (with propriety) spelling, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, the use of the globes and maps, plain work, mullin work, tambour, lace work, embroidery in a very superior style, cloth work, print work, paper mangle, making, darning, mending silk stockings, filigree raised and flat, with many other things too numerous to mention, at one hundred dollars per annum, French, and drawing extra charges. No expense has been spared to procure assistants, and render the place agreeable ; and the healthiness of it can be no longer doubted.

Mr. and Mrs. PHILLIPS desire to return their grateful thanks for the patronage they have been favored with, and hope for a continuance of the like favors, as the improvements of the Scholars have been in general unexceptionable, and even beyond the most sanguine expectations of their parents, &c. The profits of the school have hitherto been expended in rendering the situation commodious, and in printing and procuring such books as would facilitate the improvement of the scholars. In this seminary, every vice is shunned with care, and every indulgence allowed that conflicts with the improvement of the mind, and health of the body. NB. No Holidays given, but at the option of the Parents or Guardians. 00 6w

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public, that he intends, on Monday the 5th of April, to open a Seminary for the education of youth of both sexes, in the Academy formerly occupied by Mr. STABBECK, No. 49 Chatham-street ; where he intends teaching the various branches included in an English education ; (young ladies will be taught plain sewing if desired). As his prices are moderate, and his fixed purpose is to give the strictest attention to the business, as well as to the morals of his pupils, he presumes to hope for a degree of patronage from the enlightened citizens of New-York.

LEWIS G. STANBROUGH.

New-York, March 13, 1802.

This is to certify that Mr. LEWIS G. STANBROUGH has been employed as a Teacher in my Seminary for some time past ; that I have found him qualified for the business of an English Teacher, and can heartily recommend him for his integrity and strict attention to business.

GEORGE STREBECK.

April 3.

01 1f

### EDUCATION, No. 295, Pearl Street.

J. C. RUDOLPH respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his ACADEMY is open for the reception of Students in the Latin, and French Languages, and the various branches of English Literature.

He proposes to open a Morning School on the first of May next, for the instruction of young Ladies, in either of the above mentioned branches, from 6 to 8 o'clock.-----By his faithful and diligent exertions, he hopes to merit the approbation of those who may honor him with their patronage.

March 27th, 1802

00 am.

### M WATSON

Returns her sincere thanks to the Public for their past encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, opposite the City Tavern, where she has for sale, a large assortment of Ready made Linen of every description, consisting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reasonable terms. A genteel assortment of Childbed Linen.

March 27, 00 1f

### STAMPED PAPER,

Sold at J. Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

## FRENCH READING.

M. MARTIN.

Solicited by several persons who have heard him read French Poetry, to give in this city, Public Reading in French, as Mr. Le Texier does in London, has determined to read publicly at Lovett's Hotel, Broadway, as soon as he shall have fifty subscribers, a selection of French Tragedy and Comedy of the first masters, such as Racine, Voltaire, Moliere, &c. according to the prevalent taste of his subscribers.

The terms of subscription are 1 pound for three readings, or 1 dollar per evening. Subscriptions received at the Circulating Library, No. 153 Broadway ; No. 114 Maiden-Lane, or at Mr. M's Chambers No. 67 Stone-Street between the hours of 12 and 2. The piece fixed upon, as well as the nights, will be announced in the papers.

Mr. M. gives lessons of elocution in French as well as in English. April 10

### HIRAM GARDNER,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 91 BROAD-WAY,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting.-----At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of discontinuing giving credit on articles vendued by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payment a desirable object to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition. Jan. 23

### REUBEN BUNN,

LADIES' SHOE-MAKER, No 60 WILLIAM-STREET,

RETURNS his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public in general, for the patronage he has received in the above profession, and respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, to merit which no endeavors shall be wanting.-----At the same time he begs leave to state, that owing to the difficulties and expence necessarily attending the collection of small debts, he feels himself under the necessity of discontinuing giving credit on articles vendued by RETAIL, and trusts, as he proposes in future to vend his shoes one shilling per pair below the usual price, in order to render prompt payments desirable circumstance to the purchaser, that no offence will be taken by those who have hitherto honored him with their patronage, but that his friends as well as the public, will cheerfully accede to what appears so equitable a proposition. Jan. 23

### TUITION.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the public in general, that he has furnished himself with a very commodious Room, at No. 165 Division Street, in a very healthy part of the town ; and will open SCHOOL on Monday the 5th inst.---where he will teach the various branches of English Literature, (that is to say) the Alphabet, Spelling and Reading grammatically, Writing, Arithmetic, and English Grammar, Book-Keeping, Surveying, Geography, Geometry and Trigonometry ; also, the Rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages,---and hopes by assiduous endeavors to render general satisfaction.

AARON GARDNER.

NB. Convenient Boarding may be had reasonably near the said School. April 3.

### JAMES ALWAYS,

Windfor Chair Maker.

Informs his Customers and the Public in general, that he continues to carry on his WINDSOR CHAIR BUSINESS, at No. 40 James Street, where Windfor Chairs of every description, may be had on short notice and reasonable terms. He likewise informs the public, that he has good accommodations for drying old Chairs, when repainted, and will take them from any part of the town, and return them in good order ; he will paint them green or any fancy color, at a very low price.

NB. All orders for painting Window blinds carefully attended to. January 30,

Printed & Edited by JOHN HARRISSON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip.

[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]